A BRIEF SKETCH OF FAMILY HISTORY

——of——

WALTER W. CORNELL

SHOWING BOTH PATERNAL AND MATERNAL
LINES OF DESCENT FROM THOMAS CORNELL
OF PORTSMOUTH, RHODE ISLAND

——and——

THE FATHER OF
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, THE NAVIGATOR

——by——

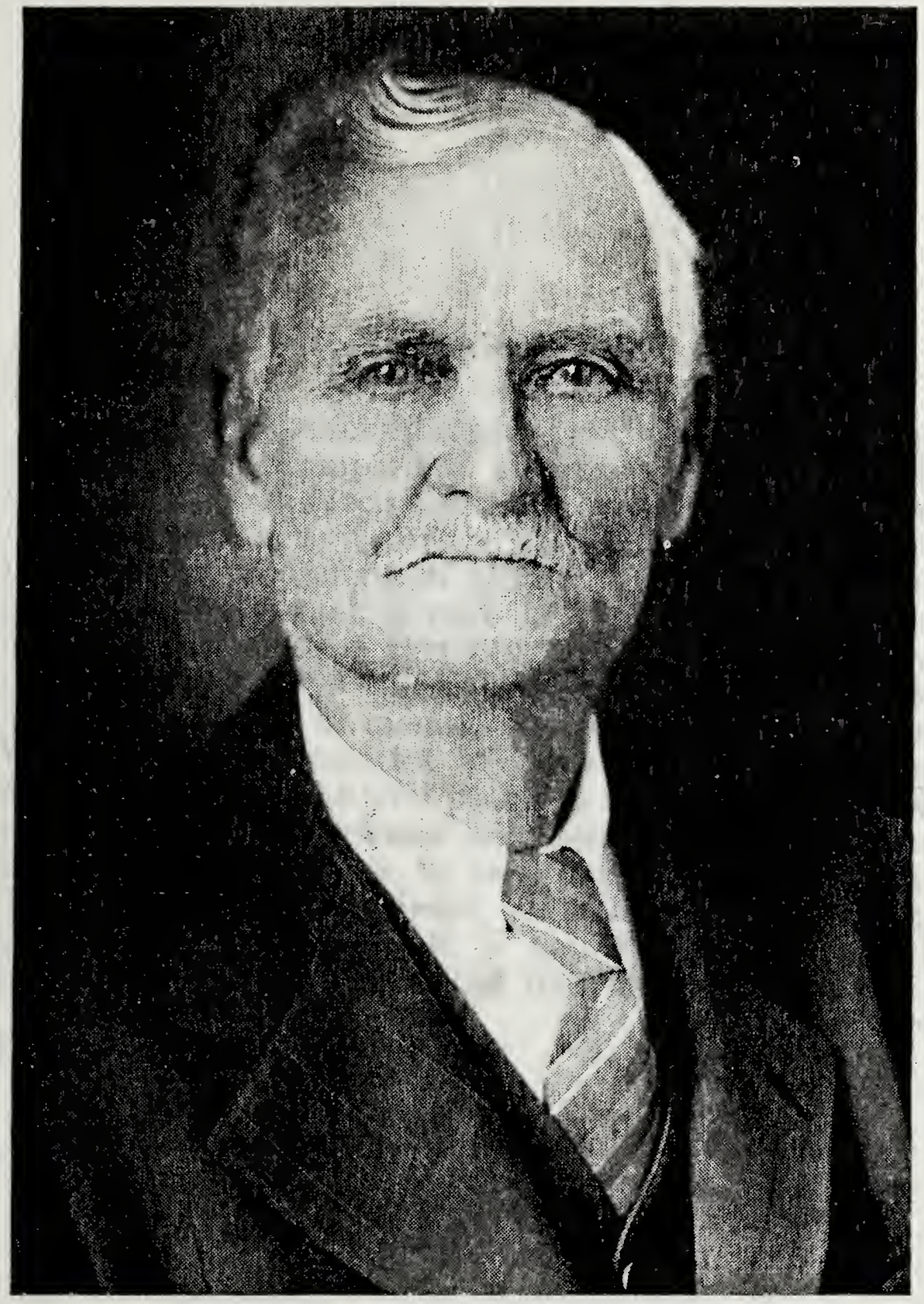
WALTER W. CORNELL
Pawnee City, Nebraska

——::——

ILLUSTRATED

New England Historic
Genealogical Society,
Boston Mass.
Compliments of the Author.

Dedicated to my three
beloved children.



I am very truly yours
WALTER W. CORNELL
Age 87

INTRODUCTION

It is with a profound desire that history may be preserved that I am prompted to compile this brief record, thus leaving to my children and their posterity some knowledge of the life and activity of the author, as well as to furnish a brief history and chain of title of their forbears who have played so important a part in World's History, and the early development of this country, thus showing the kind of blood that flows through their own veins, and also to show their rights of membership in the Society of Colonial Wars, and the Societies of Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution and prove us to be truly of an old line of ye Ancient Americans and lend inspiration to present and future generations, to keep our blood to the high standard of civilization, religion, patriotism, education and culture herein portrayed. It is hoped that this record may be extended and perpetuated by future generations.

WALTER W. CORNELL.

Pawnee City, Nebraska, 1942.

Walter W. Cornell, son of William W. and Sarah Drake Cornell, was born September 24, 1855 on the Drake Homestead, Valley Roads, Watching, Summerset county, near Plainfield, New Jersey. After the death of his father, in 1859, the family moved to North Plainfield, where they resided until 1865, when with his mother and two sisters, Lillie and Jennie, they moved to Delavan, Illinois, arriving in Pekin (being the nearest railroad station to Delavan, 20 miles away) April 14, 1865, the day Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, the older members of the family, Thomas, Mary and Sarah, having preceded them.

On this trip west we started from New York City, where my uncle Sidney Cornell secured our tickets, and got us safely started over the Lake Shore R. R. Being just at the close of the Civil War, there were many soldiers traveling, and at Buffalo the depot was crowded.

There were many crippled soldiers, some with one arm missing, others on crutches with one leg missing. At Dunkirk it was much the same.

As we proceeded on our way and came to a division where another conductor took charge of the train, my mother presented the tickets. He looked them over quite thoroughly and told her they were no good, and she would have to pay the fare in cash. She replied she knew they were good and all right, that her brother-in-law, who was a business man in New York, had bought them, and no objection had been made so far, and she would not pay any cash fare. We children were much excited, and proposed to give our mother what little change we had, but she said no, these tickets are all right, and our fare has been paid. He replied he knew his business, and she must pay or he would put us all off at the next station. She told him if he saw fit to do so, of course he could, but he would suffer for it, but she would not pay him one cent. So when we reached the next station he put us all off. My

mother at once showed the tickets to the ticket agent and he reported them perfectly good, and that when another train came along he would put us all on, which he did, and there was no further trouble. I well remember the long hours we spent in that dark, gloomy depot, waiting for that next train. My mother at once reported this back to my uncle who took the matter up with the railroad company and that conductor was at once dismissed from service.

I have since learned that this was quite a common trick conductors pulled in those early days as a method of increasing their income. It often worked fine, but here was a case where it did not.

Our family moved to a farm four miles southwest of Delavan. Near us lived a family of Dorrances. There were two boys in the family, Gil and Will. One day a stranger came into our yard. He said he was a cousin of the Dorrance boys, and asked if he might go back on the farm and hunt. He sure looked capable, for he had on a fine hunting suit with slick high-topped boots, a hunter's cap with gold braid on it. A highly polished double-barrel gun hung over his right arm. I told him he was welcome to hunt all he wished to, and I watched him with boyish envy as he went on. In a few days I met Will and told him his cousin had been hunting on our farm a few days before. He said yes, he is out from Washington, D. C., on a hunting trip. He is the United States Treasurer. His name is Huston, and you will find it on all the U. S. paper money. So when I had an opportunity to borrow a bill I found it there, A. M. Huston, as I now remember it. One day I went over to visit Will. He was somewhat older than I, but we were quite chummy. In order to make the occasion more interesting Will brought out the old shotgun. He said it had been loaded for a long time and he was afraid to shoot it off as it kicked so hard, so as a perfectly safe precaution we went to the woodpile, where Will laid down flat on the ground and placed the butt of the gun firmly against a log and pointed it out toward the garden. I stepped back to a safe distance and watched. He pulled the trigger, the gun exploded and almost tore the thumb off one hand, crippling him for life. The Dorrances later moved here to Pawnee county and my brother, Tom, accompanied them, to start in business for himself. I was then 13 years old, and took charge of the 20-acre farm and attended country school. Later we moved to Delavan for better school advantages. In 1876 I made a trip east, attending the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, also visiting various other places of interest, among which were New York

City, Boston, Catskill, N. Y., and my birthplace at Plainfield, N. J. In 1877 I bought eighty acres of land joining the home farm, which I operated until coming to Nebraska. On February 3, 1881, I arrived in Pawnee City, Nebraska, and for a time made my home with my brother, Thomas, on a farm about eight miles northwest of Pawnee City and engaged with him in the sheep business.

In the fall of 1881 most of the business district of Pawnee City was destroyed by fire. From 1882 to 1884 I followed the occupation of brick molder and brick layer, molding 5,000 brick per day by hand from clay taken from the bank of Turkey Creek near the southwest corner of Pawnee City, as well as from a clay deposit in the south part of town. Most of these brick were used to replace the business houses destroyed by fire the previous year, although some new buildings were erected, such as the Opera House, Hazel House, United Presbyterian church and the Methodist church was rebuilt.

Residence of W. W. Cornell

In 1883 I engaged in the ice, coal and wood business, putting a dam in Turkey Creek and building an icehouse near the old bridge in the south part of town and coal sheds on both the Burlington and Rock Island railroads. I served several years as city marshal and street commissioner of Pawnee City. Was also Justice of the Peace and

Police Judge for nineteen years, performed two marriage ceremonies and conducted one funeral service; was a member of the Pawnee City Baptist church for sixty years.

On January 30, 1884, Mary E. Ogden, of Elk Creek, Nebraska, became my wife. She died September 7, 1940. To this union were born three children, Sidney A., January 6, 1885, who married Lottie J. Colony; Walter O., June 4, 1887, married Mary Christmas Peterson; Mary Erma, August 13, 1889, who married Samuel R. Smith.

In 1891 I sold the ice business to Edward Merrifield (a butcher) and the coal business to the White Lake Lumber Co., of which Mr. E. S. McMasters was manager, and the same year moved to Table Rock, Nebr., and in company with Mr. William Sutton and about ten others, organized the Table Rock Clay Company, for the manufacture of brick and tile, which business I served as manager until 1893, when I sold my interest, and, leaving my family in Table Rock, went to Gordon, Nebr., where, under the employment of Mr. Obadiah Church, I built a brick plant and manufactured hand-made brick which were burned with pine wood hauled down from the Pine Ridge Indian Agency, in South Dakota, near the Wounded Knee battle field, about twenty miles north. (Settlers were permitted to cut this wood from government land.)

While these brick were cooling off I returned to Table Rock, and with my wife attended the World's Fair in Chicago. On returning to Gordon I worked as bricklayer on the Maverick Bank, of that place, later returning to Pawnee City, when I bought the ice business I had formerly sold, and also a twenty acre fruit farm joining town on the north, moving there in 1897. In 1898 I developed a herd of pure bred Chester White hogs, making exhibits at state and county fairs, until 1903, when I sold my farm to Richard England and moved back into Pawnee City.

In 1901 I sold the ice business to Congdon Brothers, having been the first ice dealer in Pawnee City, and operating the business for fifteen years.

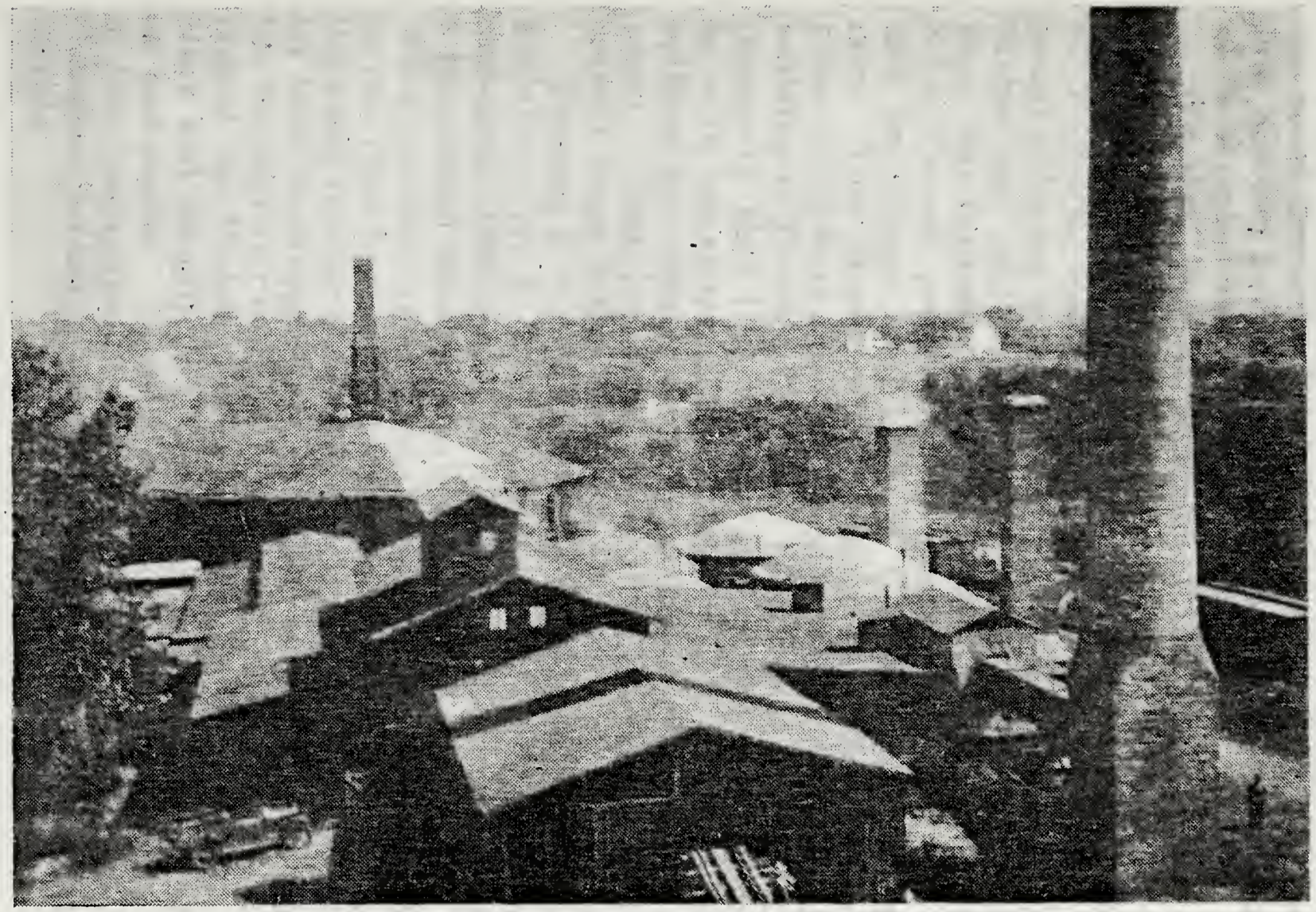


Table Rock, Nebr., Brick Works

In 1902 I engaged in the real estate farm loan and insurance business, during which time, as a reward for the large amount of business done as an Immigration Agent, I was awarded free transportation over the C. R. I. & P. R. R. System.

In 1911, together with my son, Sidney, we razed the old court house in Pawnee City, preparatory to erecting a new $90,000 building, of which Sidney assumed the duties of Superintendent of Construction.

We also, together remodeled the large United Presbyterian church building and Academy building in Pawnee City and built the Municipal Light, Power and Water Plant at Wymore, Nebraska. In the spring of 1931, Sidney bought the brick yard at Table Rock, Nebr., which his father had established forty years previous, and a company was formed named the Table Rock Brick Works, with S. A. Cornell president and general manager, W. W. Cornell, Sec.-Treas., and Mary E. Cornell being sole stockholders. This they operated during 1931. About 250,000 of these brick were used in the construction of the new school building in Pawnee City that year. Late in 1931 it became necessary that I go to New Jersey and North Carolina to be with my sister, Lillie B. Miller, in her last sickness and settling her estate, covering a period of two and one-half years. I returned from the east in the spring of 1934 and retired from active business.

Thomas L. Cornell, brother of Walter W., moved from Plainfield, N. J., to Tazewell county, Illinois, about 1864, and about 1868 moved to Pawnee City, Nebraska, and took a homestead about ten miles northwest of Pawnee City, in Miles precinct, and engaged in farming and stock business, at one time having 3,200 head of sheep. He was a Republican and during the administration of Governor David Butler was doorkeeper in the House of Representatives. After the building of the C. B. & Q. R. R. he sold his farm and moved to Violet, nearby, where he operated a general store and bought and shipped grain and stock, and served as postmaster. In 1893 he sustained a heavy loss by fire in the destruction of his store building and stock of merchandise, including his home and much of the household effects.

Real Estate - Collections
Insurance-Rentals

ESTABLISHED 1902

Notary Public-Police Judge
Justice of the Peace

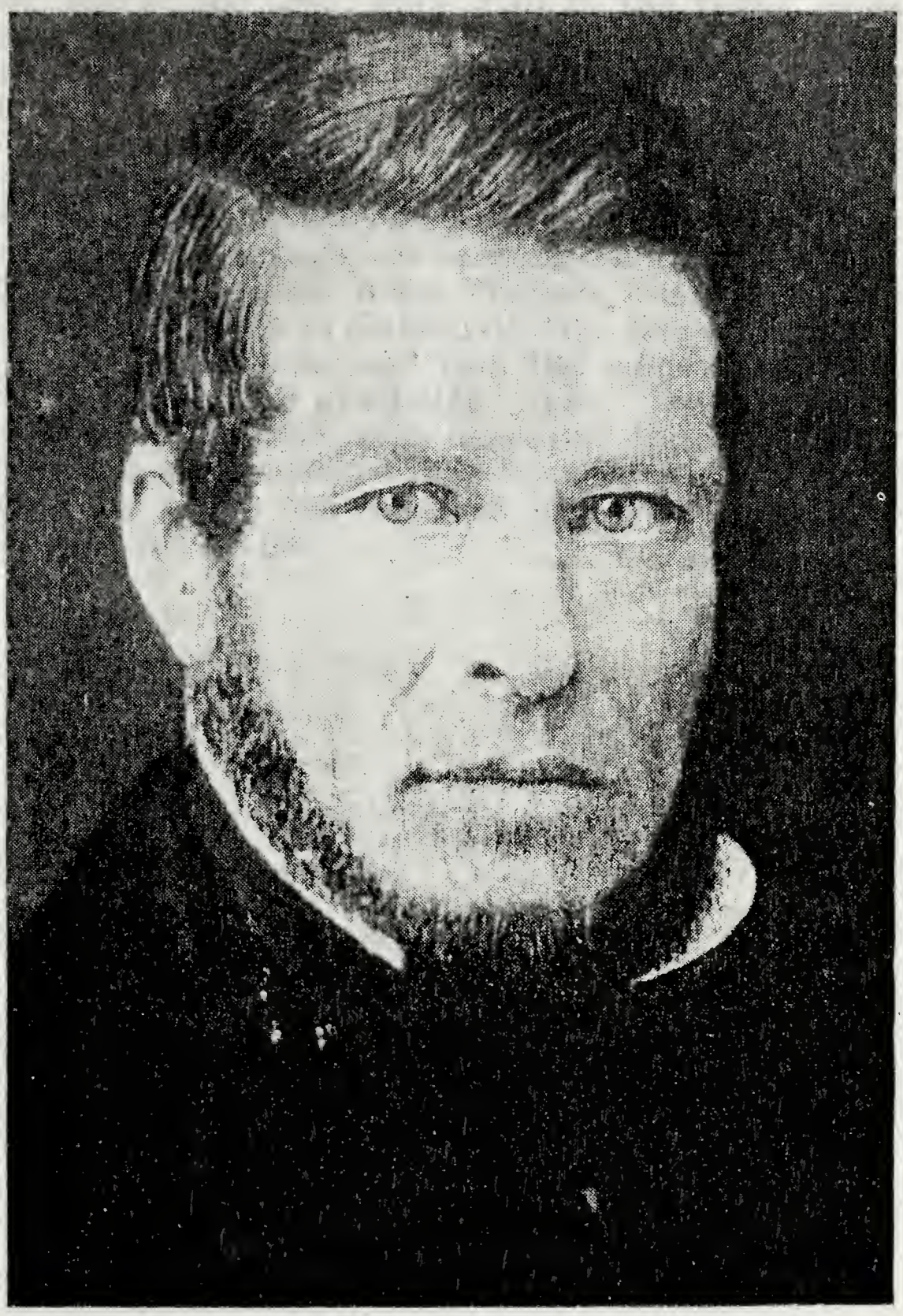
W. W. CORNELL

Financial Agent

Farm Loans a Specialty

Pawnee City, Nebr.

The above is a copy of my business letterhead.



William W. Cornell

William W. Cornell, father of Walter W., was born on Pearl Street, N. Y. City, in 1809, and died of appoplexy at Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 3, 1859. He was buried in the old Baptist cemetery at Plainfield, New Jersey, where a stone marks his grave, together with those of his two daughters, Sarah L. Cornell and Lillie Cornell Miller. He was of Quaker parentage, but himself became a Baptist. When 18 years old he went to sea, and followed the life of a sailor for twenty years, during which time he circumnavigated

the globe, and at one time, while mate of the vessel, came near losing his life in shipwreck.

While living at Little Rock, Arkansas, he was severely bitten by a timber rattlesnake which crippled one hand for life. Ever after, as long as he lived, at about the same time of the year that he was bitten, that arm would swell and turn spotted. There he married Elizabeth Tait, and moved to New Jersey and engaged in farming on the old Drake Homestead, where he died. A son, William, was born to this union, the mother dying in childbirth. This son was adopted by his sister, Eliza Binns, and took the name of William Cornell Binns. He was graduated from the Columbia University, June 27, 1866, with degree of Master of Arts, and for a time was employed in a bank in San Francisco, California. He sailed for Australia and was never after heard from by his people.

A letter written to his father in 1858, while William was attending school, is appended:

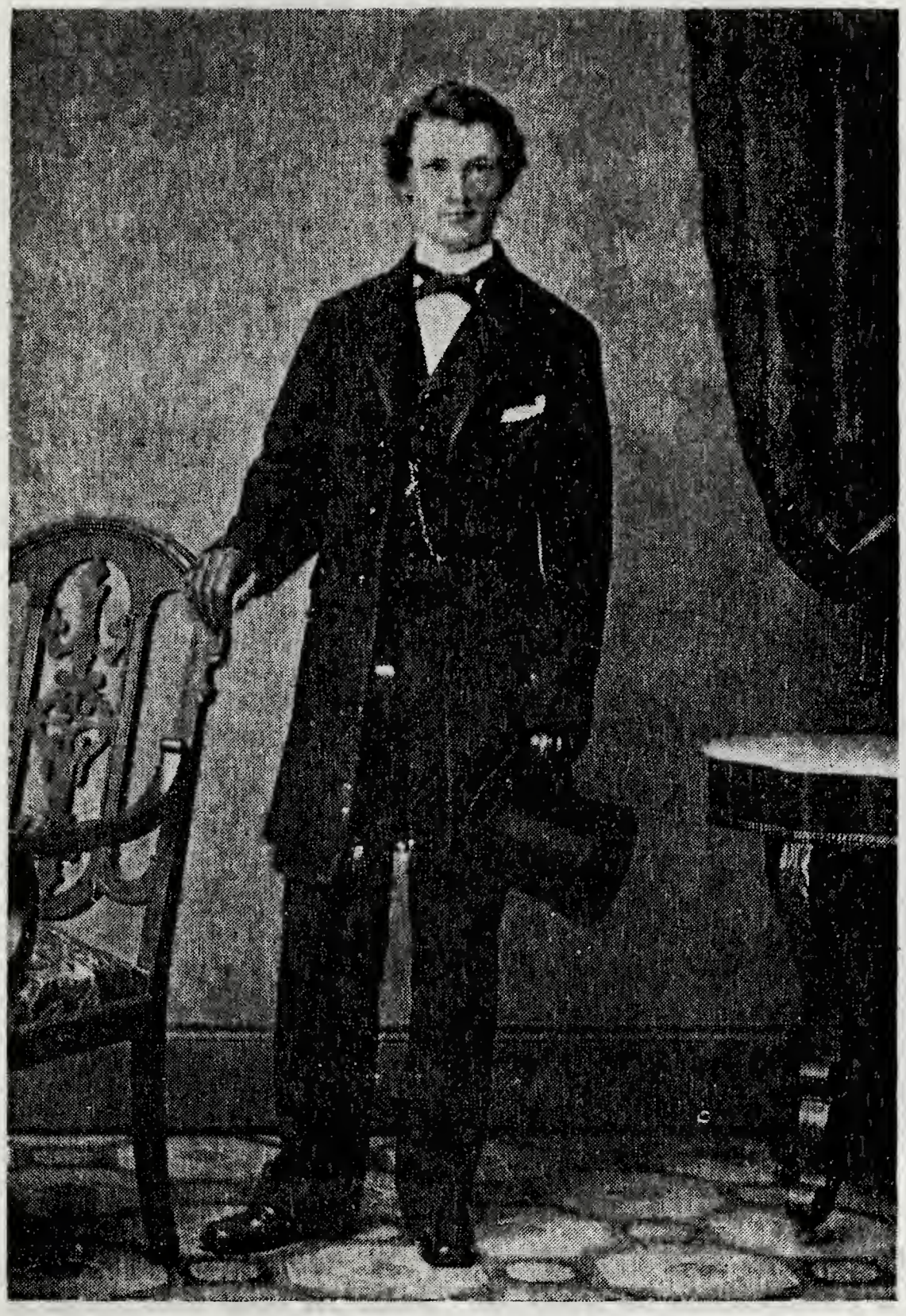
Dear Father: Edgehill, March 7, 1858

I seat myself to drop you a line. I hope you will excuse me for not having written you for so long a time and also for writing on Sunday. I write this afternoon for I do not have much or time enough to write during the school days for I have to study hard to keep up with my classes. I have a very great attachment to mathematics, therefore I study them most. I stand at the head of the class in algebra and did when I studied arithmetic but I have finished it now. I am very glad of it for I have taken up the study of Greek history under Mr. Helm. He is very kind and polite to me. He treats me almost like one of his own children and if his own words are to be taken, "he feels for me as much as any of his children." It is not often you find a teacher that way, especially at boarding school. He is just the opposite from Mr. Hughes. I cannot bear him, although I am brought in contact with him a great deal. More especially as I am one of the officers of the Society

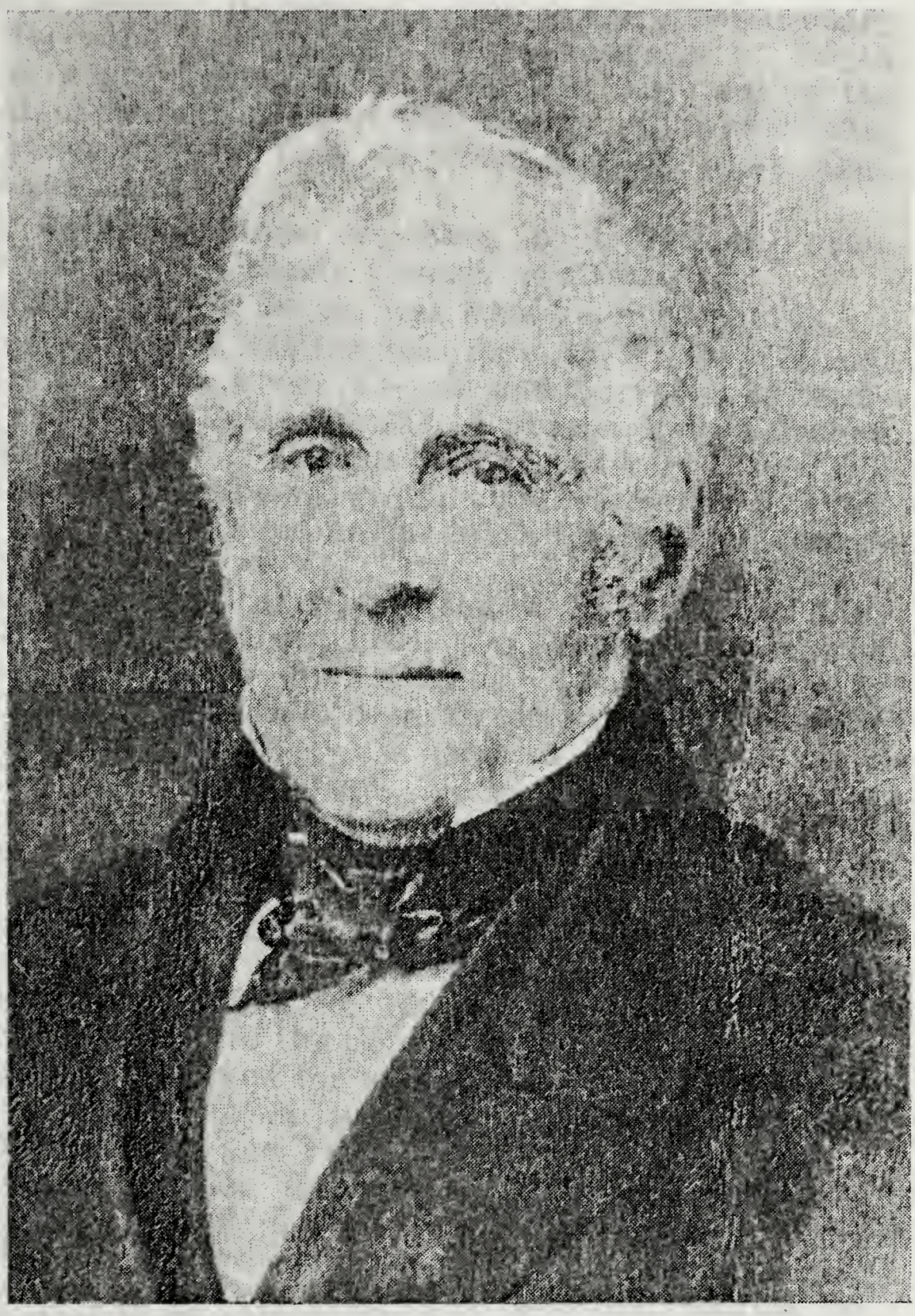
We have had delightful weather taking it altogether thus far, although it is now quite cold. We should not complain, but rather be thankful, that it has been as it has, for it has all been decreed by Providence for some good end to us unknown. It may bring on a late spring.

We have three new boys this term, 2 from Penn., 1 from Maryland. On Washington's birthday we went to Trenton in sleighs. We had a very nice time. I went all over the state house. It is a very nice building. Both the Assembly and Senate were in session. I went in and heard them discussing the propriety of raising the fees of Coroners from $19 to $25, if I remember correctly. It was passed 5 to 7. I have been elected one of the initiation speakers. I have not been to the Castle lately. How is Eliza, mother and the rest of the children. I hope they are well and yourself. Please give my love to them with a large share for yourself. I remain,
Your Aff. Son,

W. C. BINNS



WILLIAM C. BINNS



Elijah Cornell

Elijah, father of William W., was born February 4, 1780, and died in 1864. In 1802 he established a hardware business at Pearl and Fulton Streets, New York City, which he conducted until about 1840, when he retired, and the business was taken over by his two sons, Samuel and Sidney, who conducted the business on Courtland St., until about 1870. Records show that in 1815 he manumited a slave. Witness: De Witt Clinton.

Samuel, of White Plains, N. Y., (father of Elijah) was

born July 7, 1754 and died November 5, 1784, at Middletown, New Jersey. He was a Captain in the Revolutionary War. His wife, Sarah Miller, was a daughter of Elijah Miller, of White Plains, N. Y., who was Adjutant of the Regiment of Minute Men of the County of Westchester of the Colony of New York, of which Samuel Drake, Esq., was Colonel.

Borak, father of Samuel, was born about 1725, died 1800, married his cousin, Charity Cornell, as first wife.

Samuel, father of Borak; was born 1702, died 1768.

Joshua, father of Samuel, was born 1677. In 1708 and 1709 he was chosen Fence Viewer and Surveyor of highway for Cow Neck in Hempstead. A Muster Roll of Joshua Cornell's Company of Queens county, dated October 25, 1715, is on file at Albany, N. Y. On November 5, 1716, Captain Joshua registered an ear mark for cattle in Hempstead.

John, (father of Joshua, and son of Thomas, 1st) born about 1637, and died about 1704. On October 3, 1676, the government granted to John Cornell (who with his wife and five small children had been driven from the eastward by the Indians) a tract of 100 acres of land on the west side of Cow Neck, Long Island. He built a house here, but the land was claimed by the inhabitants of Hempstead, who pulled the house down. Those concerned in this were afterward indicted and convicted. He was given the privilege of acquiring an additional 100 acres, which was exercised when a Patent was taken from Governor Dongan, dated December 13, 1686, for 100 acres lying north of the above, and extending to the Sound. A tract of land on the first grant was reserved for a burying ground. John and his wife were both buried there. August 25, 1688 he was appointed Justice of the Peace.

Thomas Cornell, 1st, father of John, born about 1595, Essex county, England, died about 1655. Came to America about 1638 with his wife and family. He is first found in Boston, where, by vote of the Town Meeting, August 20, 1638, he was permitted to buy real estate and become an inhabitant. In the autumn of 1642 he went to New Amsterdam (now New York). About a year later, Governor Winthrop reports, Mr. Throckmorton and Mr. Cornell established on a neighboring plantation under the Dutch. Thomas Cornell, on Aug. 6, 1640 was admitted Freeman of Portsmouth. On Feb. 4, 1641, "a piece of meadow" was granted to him to be fenced at his own cost. The same year he was made Constable, and the following year Ensign. In the autumn of 1642 he went to New Amsterdam, and it has been supposed that Roger Williams and John Throck-

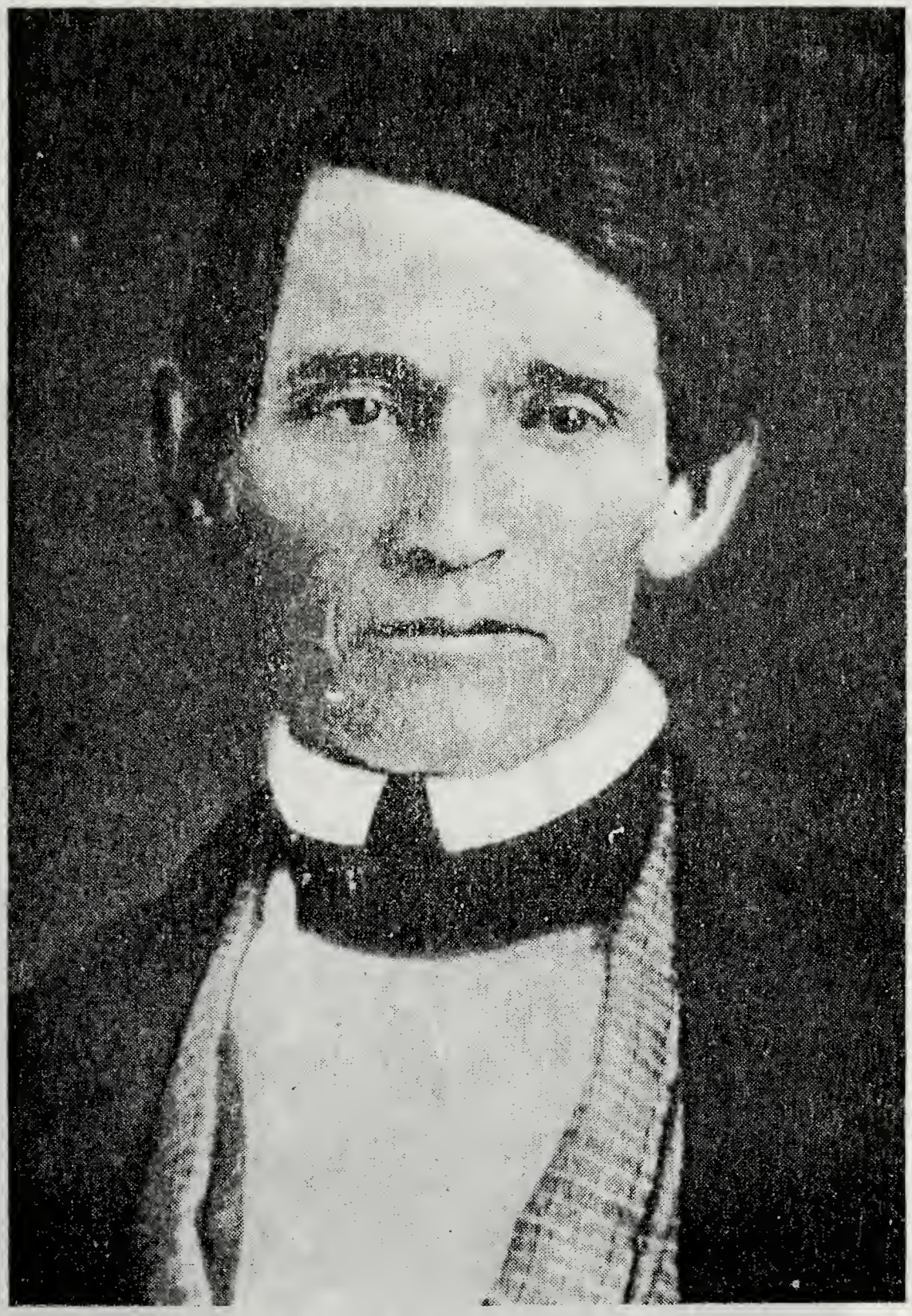
morton went with him, and for this reason the fugitives from Boston who joined Roger Williams had formed a sort of Colony in Rhode Island, but only a self-created government, or Squatter's Sovereignty, and Roger Williams in 1643 went to England and obtained a Charter for his Colony and returned. Roger Williams, Throckmorton and Cornell seemed to have been much associated together as friends, and this has led to the supposition that they may have come from England in the same ship, however, we know that Roger Williams and Throckmorton did. On October 2, 1642, the local Dutch government granted Throckmorton and Cornell (with about thirty-five other families) permission to settle within the jurisdiction of their High Mightiness to reside there in peace. (This was about eleven miles from New Amsterdam). After this general license to settle, Cornell and Throckmorton made examination of the territory and proceeded to survey and map. On July 6, 1643, Governor Kieft granted to John Throckmorton and his associates a tract of land in what is now the town of Westchester. A serious Indian War broke out, and the Indians destroyed many of the white settlers outside the City, and many others who escaped fled to New Amsterdam. Governor Winthrop said: "By the mediation of Roger Williams, who was then awaiting passage to England, the Indians were pacified and peace re-established." Cornell and Throckmorton, who were probably in New Amsterdam at the time, escaped, but Mr. Hutchison, who resided near Throckmorton, was killed. Governor Winthrop says of the event under date of September 1643: "The Indians set upon the English who dwelt under the Dutch. They came to Mrs. Hutchinson in a friendly way, as they had been accustomed to. They killed her and Mr. Collins, her son-in-law, and all of her family and such of Mr. Throckmorton's and Mr. Cornell's family as were at home, sixteen in all, and put their cattle into their barns and burned them." Some of them that escaped the Indian attack went back to Rhode Island. Thomas Cornell during these troublesome times, returned to Portsmouth, R. I., and secured a grant of 100 acres of land from that town under date of February 4, 1646, on the south side of Wading River, and so as to run from the river toward the land that was laid out to Edward Hutchison (a son of Ann Hutchison).

This may be considered the original Homestead of the Cornell family. This land, or the part on which the house and burial plot are situated, has never been out of the Cornell family. In September, 1894, Rev. John Cornell purchased from Mrs. Ellen Grinnell (Cornell) Smith, and others, about eighty acres of this grant, and in 1900, forty-

five acres more. A house has been erected in Colonial style on the site of the one that was destroyed by fire December 21, 1889, and somewhat on the old plan.

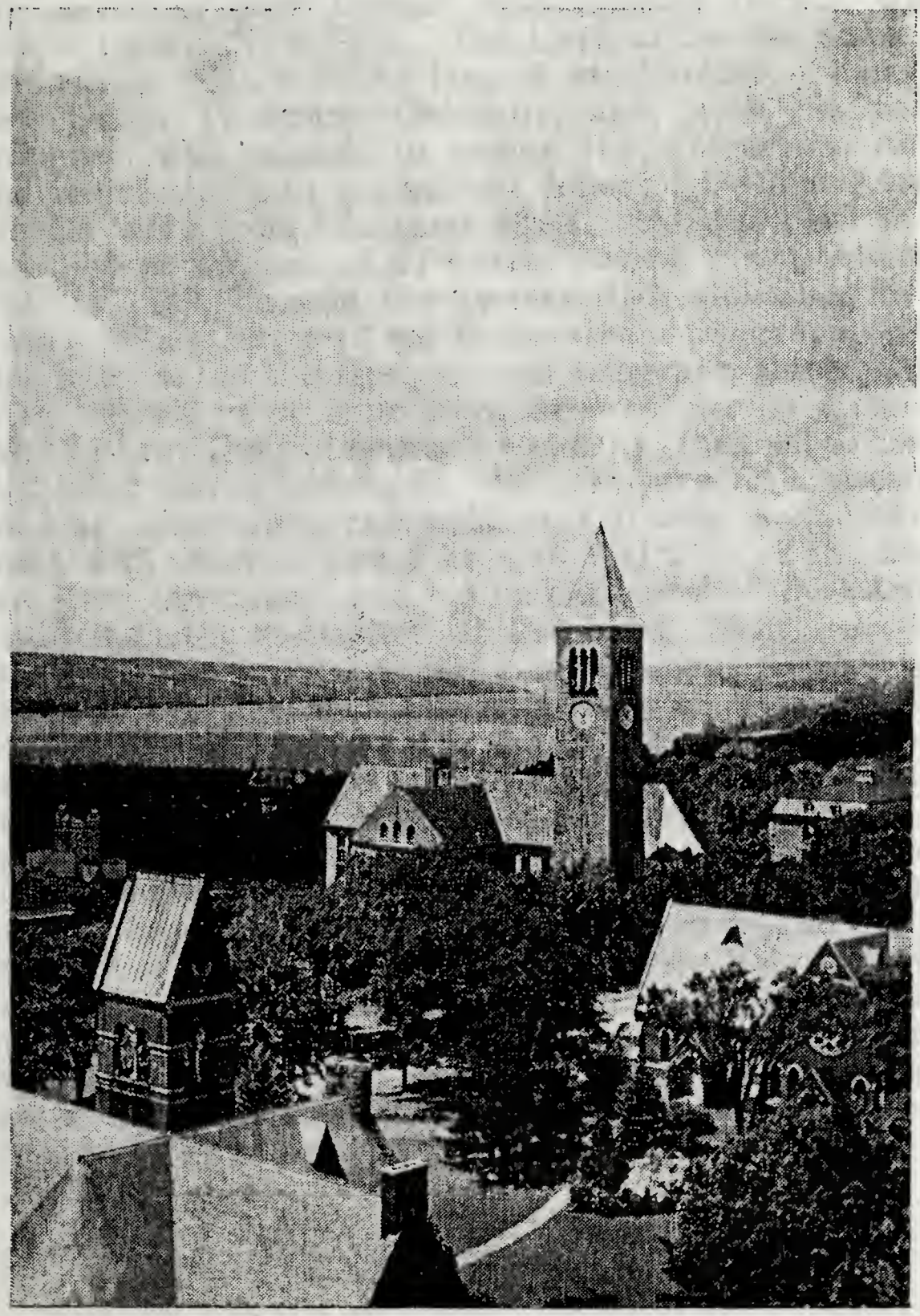
After the restoration of peace with the Indians, brought about by the mediation of Roger Williams, Thomas Cornell returned to the Dutch Colony, but not to restore and rebuild what had been destroyed of his property on Throng's Neck, but to ask for a tract adjoining, fronting on the south and west of that of Throckmorton's, from which it was separated on the shore by the mouth of Westchester Creek, and extended thence about two miles on the Long Island Sound to the Bronx River, and extended back two miles or more from the Sound to the westerly edge of the present village of Westchester, known as Cornell's Neck. This estate was Granted by Governor William Kieft to Thomas Cornell by patent dated July 25, 1646. This Grant of Cornell's Neck was four years after Thomas Cornell's first settlement in Westchester county in 1642, and fifteen years before the great-grandfather of the illustrious George Washington first settled in Virginia in 1657. Cornell's Neck was within the limits of Greater New York. It is inferred that after probably nine years' residence at Cornell's Neck, Thomas Cornell was again driven by the Indians from his property in New Netherlands and returned to his homestead at Portsmouth, where he lived and died, and was buried, for there is a record of him as serving on a Coroner's Jury in 1653, and in 1654 he was one of the commissioners of "ye four-towns upon ye uniting of ye Colonie of Providence Plantation." He probably died the following year. The records of the Society of Friends, at Portsmouth, R. I., have numerous entries respecting Thomas and Rebecca Cornell and their descendants.

In one of Roger Williams' letters to the General Court of Massachusetts, October 5, 1654, he says, in part, regarding the Indian War previously mentioned. It was in this war, in September, 1643, that Ann Hutchison and sixteen of her family were murdered by the Pequot Indians. Her daughter, Susan, then eight years old, was carried into captivity, and four years afterward was redeemed by the Dutch and returned to Rhode Island. The place where Mrs. Hutchison was killed was long after known as Ann Hook's Neck, since known as Pelham Manor. Near by, at this time there was a more numerous settlement of Rhode Islanders. John Throckmorton, who had been found worthy of excommunication with Roger Williams from the Salem Church, and who had accompanied Williams to Providence, had obtained a grant of half a league of land at



Ezra Cornell
Founder of Cornell University, at 21

what is known as "Throng's Neck," and he with Thomas Cornell, from Rhode Island, and others, sought to establish a Colony in the same neighborhood, but they were driven off by the Indians, and went to Long Island, from whence some of them, seeing Mrs. Hutchison's house on fire, crossed over in a boat to make an effort for her rescue. They succeeded in rescuing some persons, not of the Hutchison family, but at the expense of two of their number. Throckmorton returned to Rhode Island, Updike went to New Jersey, while Cornell remained in New York, and



Campus of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

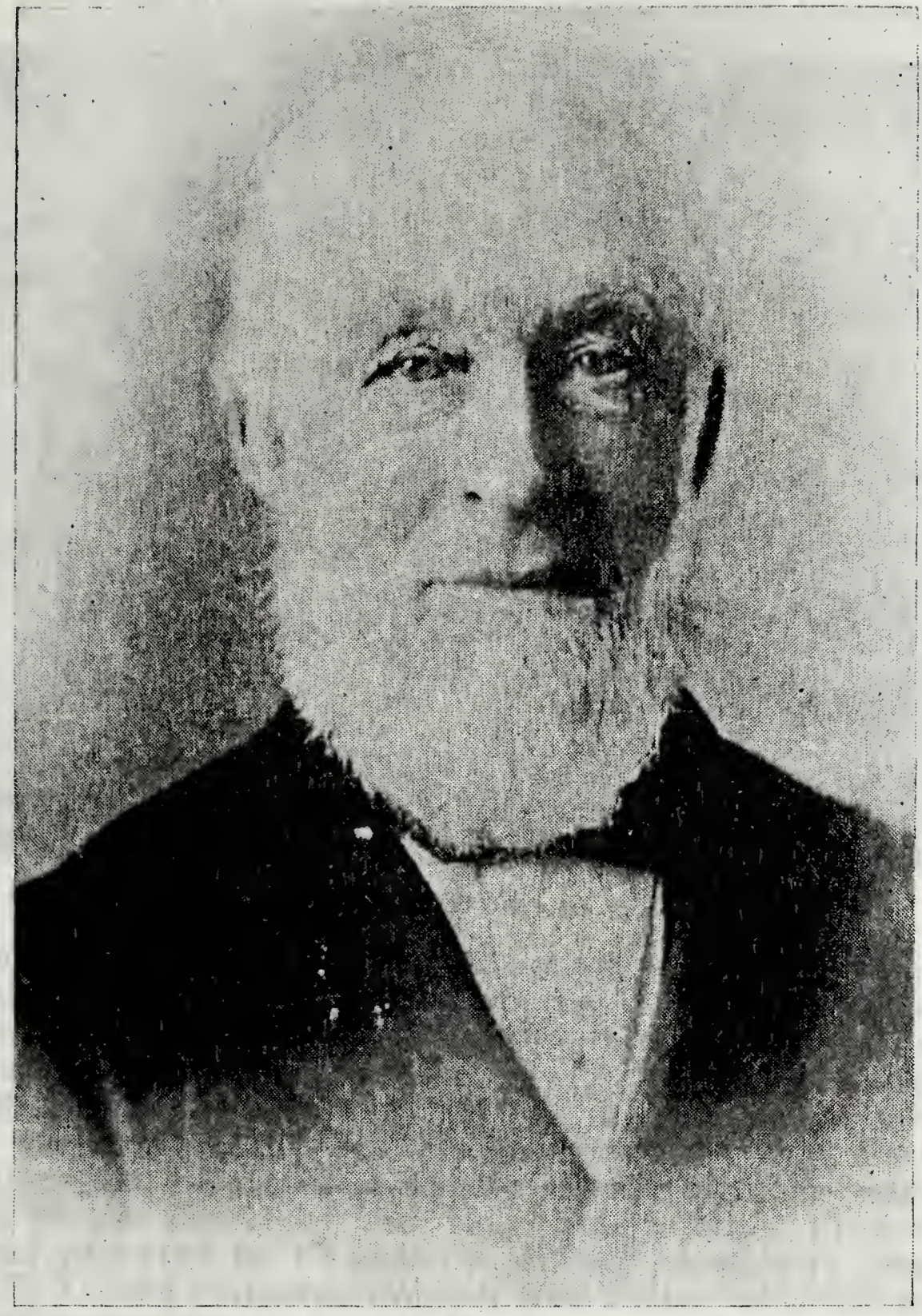
the descendants of these persons have among them names which have attained to an enviable distinction.

1773, February 8, Friends Records state, Rebecca Cornell, widow, was killed strangely at Portsmouth in her own dwelling house. Was twice viewed by the Coronors Inquest, digged up and buried again by her husband's grave on their own land.

The descendants of Thomas Cornell have among them the names of Ezra Cornell, who founded Cornell University at Ithaca, New York. The birth of the telegraph gave him riches. He was the largest stockholder of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and, with his political influence, was enabled to endow the University, directly and indirectly, with six million dollars. He and Abraham Lincoln were from the same stock. He was born in 1807 and died at the age of 67 years, leaving a son, Alonzo B., who, in 1880, became the twenty-fifth Governor of New York. When 14 years old he became a telegraph operator and was one of the first to read telegraph signals by ear. After 20 years of experience he was elected director of the Western Union telegraph company, then vice-president and later acting president. He was largely interested in banking, insurance, railroads, steamboats, and other corporations. For ten years he was chairman of the republican state committee, and his management of the campaign resulted in the re-election of President Grant. As supervisor of Ithaca, state capitol commissioner, speaker of the assembly, surveyor of customs port of New York and United States naval officer he rendered notable service as a public official. As governor of the Empire State he brought the state's prison to a self-supporting basis. His appointments to office were notable for the fitness of duty required. His military administration is admitted to have been the beginning of a new era in the militia of the United States. The New York State Board of Health and the State Railway Commission were the product of his urgent recommendations. He put a stop to enormous expenditures for newly projected public buildings and enforced economy in public expenditures below that of any governor's term for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ezra Cornell, 1939

Oldest living grandson and next of kin of Ezra Cornell, and son of Alonzo B. Cornell, former governor of New York State, who was the oldest son of Ezra Cornell. Charles E. Cornell, now 86 years old, sits on the board of trustees because the charter of the University provides that the nearest direct descendant of Ezra Cornell shall be a member of the board.



Sidney Cornell

Samuel and Sidney Cornell, both uncles of Walter W., the author of this book, were among the organizers of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, and Samuel served twenty-five years as member of the Board of Trustees.

Edward S. Cornell, grandson of Sidney, had three sons in the First World War, as follows: Thomas L., of Co. A, 26th Infantry, Major Theodore Roosevelt's battalion;

Captain Sidney, and Lieutenant Edward S. Cornell, Jr., with the Field Artillery, American Expeditionary Forces.

Residence of Samuel Cornell at Catskill, N. Y.

Rev. John Cornell, was the author of a book of genealogy of the Cornell family, containing 468 pages, and covered a period from 1595 to 1901, or 306 years. A very exhaustive work, showing a vast amount of labor and study, from which much of the information in this book was taken. He was a member of the New York Genealogy and Biographical Society and for eighteen years Rector of the Church of the Holy Spirit, Nice, France. He was educated at Churchill's Military Academy, Sing Sing. N. Y., and Princeton College, New Jersey. He followed civil engineering one year, then went in the ministry. He traveled extensively in Europe, visited the Holy Land, Greece and Turkey. He was appointed to missionary work in the west, being sent to Laramie, Wyoming Territory. He was also elected rector of the St. Mathews church at that place. He served at Santa Fe, New Mexico; Hamilton, Nevada; Santa Barbara, California, then missionary-at-large in northern California, having resided at Maysville, Wheatland, and Yreka. He has been instrumental in building six churches and has contributed many articles to secular and religious journals.

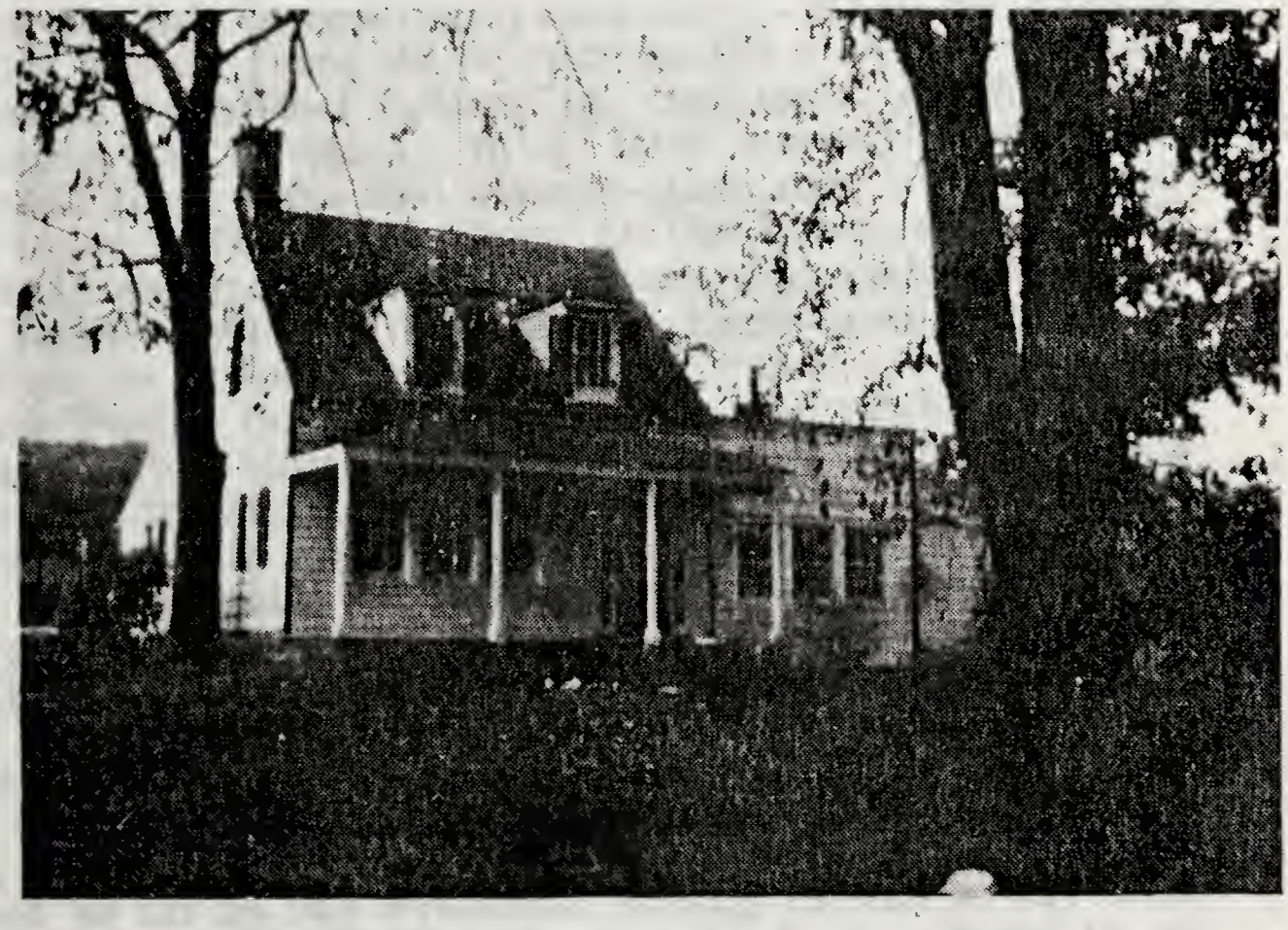
MRS. SARAH DRAKE-CORNELL

Sarah Drake Cornell, the mother of Walter W. Cornell, the author of this book, was born on the Drake Homestead, November 18, 1819, the same year as Queen Victoria, and was of the same blood as Sir Francis Drake. The records showing the exact date of births and deaths, and the surnames of some of the early families have been destroyed in a fire that burned the old church at Scotch Plains, N. J., only about four miles from the old Drake Homestead, and in which church-yard many of the Drake ancestors

are buried. She died August 21, 1883, aged 64 years, and was buried at Green Valley, Illinois, beside her daughter, Mary. She was a Baptist, and a beautiful christian character. She was the youngest daughter of Noah Drake, and of a family of twelve children, namely, Jonathan, Ezra, Nathaniel, Randolph, Martin, Piat, William, John, Dorcas Drake Shotwell, Eunice Drake married James Drake (probably no relation) and Sarah Drake Cornell. When Sarah Drake married William W. Cornell on December 13, 1847, she returned to the home in which she was born, where she reared her family of six children, namely, Thomas Lavender, born October 16, 1848, married Myra Osborn, of Pawnee City, Nebraska, April 3, 1878, and died at Pawnee City, Nebraska, May 27, 1901, leaving six children. Mary Willis, born April 18, 1850, died April 29, 1874, of neuralgia of the heart, buried at Greenvalley, Illinois, not having married.

Sarah Lavender born September 3, 1851, died at Southern Pines, North Carolina, February 20, 1932, buried at Plainfield, N. J., beside her father, not having married. Eliza Binns, (who, at her own request, was named Lillie) was born April 10, 1853, married Niles M. Miller, of Providence, R. I., died February 2, 1933, at Southern Pines, N. C., leaving no children, was buried at Plainfield, N. J., beside her father and sister, Sarah, where a stone marks their graves. Walter Willis, born September 24, 1855, married Mary Ella Ogden, of Elk Creek, Nebraska, January 30, 1884, who died September 7, 1940. Jane Gardner, born December 15, 1857, married John W. Bilton, April 19, 1898, died November 13, 1932, buried at Los Angeles, California, leaving no children.

Noah Drake, father of Sarah Drake Cornell, was born on the Drake Homestead, September 24, 1779, and died in 1844. He was a farmer, a Seventh Day Baptist, but his children largely became Missionary Baptists. He fought in the War of 1812. Andrew Drake, father of Noah, was also born on the Drake Homestead, August 15, 1740 and was probably a brother of Samuel Drake, Esq., who was Colonel of a Regiment of Minute Men of the County of West Chester, of the Colony of New York. Edward Drake, father of Andrew, was born in England, January 6, 1713, and came to this country, and on September 22, 1736, married Mary Vail. He settled in Washington Valley, Pescataway, in 1742, on a tract of 4,000 acres of land which was ceded to him by the British Government for services rendered, on which he built a house in 1740, known ever after as the Drake Homestead, in which four succeeding generations were born. Namely, Andrew, 1740; Noah, 1779; Sarah Drake Cornell, 1819; and Walter W. Cornell, 1855. This house is still occupied and in good condition in 1942.



Old Drake Homestead, Built in 1740
Birthplace of the Author

Andrew, father of Edward, was born in 1684. Married Hannah Fitz Randolph in 1705, and died in 1743.

George, father of Andrew, was a son of Captain Fran-

cis Drake and was born in 1650. Married Mary Oliver November 13, 1677, and died in 1709.

Captain Francis and wife, Mary, came from New Hampshire, Town of Dover, in 1666. (The above Captain Francis Drake was a son of Thomas, and Thomas was the younger brother of Sir Francis Drake, the Navigator.) He was one of twelve sons of Robert Drake (there is some doubt as to name) and was born on the banks of the Tavistock in Devonshire, England, in 1540. Sir Francis Drake was twice married, but died without issue, and made his youngest brother, Thomas, his heir. This Thomas married and had a son, Sir Francis Drake, who had a daughter, Ann Palixen Drake, who married Baron General Elliott Hatfield, and inherited all the fortune left by Sir Francis Drake, and her daughter married John Trayton Fuller, and their descendants lived in the Drake Estate, Buckland Abby, ten miles from Plymouth.

The descendants of the family succeeded to the Drake property and took their armoral bearings, and the later generation took the name of Drake, there being no male issue, the line descending in daughters. When Sir Francis Drake was 22 years old he commanded a ship in the last Hawkins expedition against the Spaniards, which proved disastrous to Hawkins. In a later expedition he commanded three ships and seventy-three men. He captured the town of Nombre de Dios, on the Isthmus of Panama with an enormous store of treasure, and burned the town of Puerto Bello. With eighteen Englishmen and thirty Indians he crossed the Isthmus of Panama and saw the South Pacific Ocean, and prayed God he might sail on it in an English ship. He then returned home with his immense treasures. From 1573 to 1576 he served in Ireland, but again returned to the sea. In December, 1577, he left Plymouth with five vessels, sailed south to the Straits of Magellan. After battling for sixteen days with a fierce storm in which the fleet was separated, one vessel having returned to England, and another lost, he began exploring the Pacific Ocean.

On the coast of Chile and Peru he sacked many Spanish towns and captured treasure ships, then went up the coast as far as San Francisco, hoping to find a way back to the Atlantic Ocean, but when his men refused to go farther north, he sailed west and south to Java, and looping back around the Cape of Good Hope he returned to Plymouth in September, 1580, laden with his immense treasures, thus having circumnavigated the globe. In recognition of his great achievement he was Knighted

by Queen Elizabeth. From 1581 to 1585 he was Mayor of Plymouth.

He later commanded a fleet of twenty-one ships against the Spanish West Indies. Sailing to Florida and up the coast to Virginia, from which place he returned to England, taking back with him a discouraged Raleigh Colony he found at Roanoke, and also the first tobacco and potatoes introduced into Europe. He served as Vice-Admiral under Lord Howard in defeating the Spanish Armada, thus stopping all further trouble with Spain against England. He died January 28, 1596 and was buried at sea in the Bay of Puerto Bello.

General J. Madison Drake

As to the grandchildren of Noah Drake, seven served in the Civil War, namely, Noah of William, Thomas of Edward, George of Piat, Simeon of Randolph, who lost his right arm in the service. Three sons of Eunice Drake, of Elizabeth, N. J., as follows: Charles enlisted at the age of 17 in a Pennsylvania Cavalry, Silas was wounded in his right arm, Madison served with special honor. He organized the first company of volunteers in New Jersey, and accepted the office of Ensign and was the first soldier

to unfurl the Stars and Stripes on the soil of Virginia. This flag is now in possession of the state of New Jersey, at Trenton. He was later made Sergeant then promoted to Captain. At the battle of Drewy's Bluff, Va., he was taken prisoner by a brigade commanded by General Archibald Gracie, a former resident of his home city of Elizabeth, New Jersey. He served time in Libby Prison at Richmond, Va., then placed on a train of cattle cars and taken to Macon, Georgia, later transferred to Charleston, South Carolina, and later, while being transferred to another prison with 600 officers, he and three companions jumped from the train and made their escape and by wading in swamps they eluded blood hounds. They crossed the snow-covered Blue Ridge Mountains, hiding by day in secluded places and made their way largely by night to the Union lines, after spending six weeks on the journey. Their escape was one of the most remarkable recorded during the Civil War. As a result of this experience he was an invalid for many weeks. Upon recovery he again rejoined his regiment and served until the close of the war. He was breveted Brigadier General by the legislature. After the war he was a newspaper man, publishing the Elizabeth, N. J., "Daily Monitor," and was author of several books, one of which was "Fast and Loose In Dixie." In 1868 he organized the Veteran Zouaves, a company of men who had served in the army and navy of the Civil War, of which he was made General.

Daniel, son of Edward, was for many years a Baptist missionary and with Dr. Clough served at Kornule, Madras, India, where his wife died in the great cholera scourge that swept that country. Warren, son of Piat, became a Methodist minister, serving largely in Illinois. Mary A. Shotwell Kinman, daughter of Dorcas Drake Shotwell, was born April 24, 1836, at Plainfield, N. J., married Thomas H. Kinman, February 20, 1856 in Illinois. They were farming near Coffeyville, Kansas, when summary justice overtook the notorious Dalton Brothers. Later they moved to College Place, near Walla Walla, Washington, They were the parents of thirteen children. There are thirty-six grandchildren and thirty-seven great grandchildren. When celebrating their seventieth wedding anniversary all their children were present. When celebrating their seventy-third anniversary she was 93 and her husband was 97. She died only lacking 22 days of having reached her seventy-fourth anniversary. They were said, by those who kept such records to have been married longer than any other couple in the United States.

At this writing, 1943, Walter W. Cornell, the author of this book, is the only known living grandchild of Noah Drake.

It might be interesting to rehearse some facts of the Revolutionary days with which some of the subjects of this book were closely connected.

On October 21, 1776, George Washington left the Morris House, at what is now 169th street, near High Bridge, and made his headquarters at the house of Elijah Miller, at White Plains, who was Adjutant in Colonel Samuel Drake's regiment of the Westchester County Militia. Miller's commission was signed by General Nathaniel Woodhull and dated October 27, 1775. Before the war he had a commission as First Lieutenant of Captain Fowler's Company of Westchester County Militia, signed by Wm. Tyran, Captain General under King George, of the Province of New York, and dated June 25, 1772. Both of these commissions are still extant in good condition, and owned by Mr. T. S. Hatfield, of Brooklyn, New York, a descendant of Adjutant Miller. His sword was also in existence until a few years ago when unfortunately the silver hilt was taken off and melted and made up into silver spoons for heirlooms. Miller's house then stood in the midst of dense woods, now cleared away, and on the east side of the road at the foot of the hill. It stood in the path of both American and British armies, and subject to raids of both the Cowboys and Skinners. The farm was covered with tents. Adjutant Miller had seven children, Sarah, Martha, Zipporah, James, Elijah, John and Abraham. He died in the fall of 1776, while with his command at Hellgate. His sons, John and Elijah, who were both in the army, died the same year. His widow, Ann Miller, lived to be 92 years old, dying in 1819, the year in which Queen Victoria was born.

The reminiscences of the Revolution given herewith comes from their daughter, Sarah Miller, who married Captain Samuel Cornell, the great-grandfather of the author of this book, on October 19, 1774, and who lived at her father's house while General Washington was there. At one time Mrs. Elijah Miller and Sarah were sitting in the kitchen when they heard some cowboys riding up to the door and knocked with their muskets demanding admittance. Mrs. Miller had that day received some money in gold. She threw it through the window into the garden. It struck a heap of stones and the click was heard in the house. When the cowboys were admitted they demanded supper, which was provided for them, and after they left the Captain snatched a shawl from Sarah Miller's shoul-

ders, wrapped it around his throat and disappeared. Upon another occasion, the cattle having been stolen, Sarah mounted her horse and rode to the army camp, demanding their restoration. She encountered General Lee, who, struck with her beauty and address, permitted her to reclaim all bearing her brand. While the British troops were passing the house one day an officer rode up on horseback and demanded a drink of water from Sarah Miller. She gave it to him from a dipper. He, being a surly fellow, but kept in check by her dignity, said, "you should give a British officer a glass to drink out of." She replied, "your soldiers have stolen them all." A nephew of hers wrote regarding her, "I have heard her speak of many officers, as the headquarters of Washington was at her home. She spoke often of seeing Lafayette. Many incidents of the Revolutionary times are fresh in my memory. I have heard her speak of Washington's fondness for her children." Sarah Miller Cornell lived until August 29, 1838, aged 84 years.

Private Charles N. Drake was the youngest brother of Gen. J. Madison Drake. When ten years old he was indentured to a man in Trenton, N. J., to learn the marble cutting trade. At 17 years of age he ran away and tried to enlist for service in the Civil War. On account of his age he was not accepted, but succeeded in enlisting in the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry. After the war he lived at Crawford, N. J. While visiting in his home he related to me many interesting incidents of his life, among which was the time when a boy he visited our home near Plainfield, N. J., and in company with my brother, Thomas, who was about four years old, they were experimenting with a hay chopper in the barn. He was turning the crank and Tom was feeding the hay in, when he pushed his hand in too far and lost all the fingers of his right hand. This happened in about 1852.

In the summer of 1893, while I was operating a brick plant at Gordon, Nebr., an old gentleman from the ranch country on the Niobrara River came on the yard and appeared interested in looking over the plant. I engaged him in conversation and he said he was always interested in brick making as it had been his former business. I inquired where he had made brick. He replied, "New Jersey." I said, "that's a long way off." He said, "yes, and a long time ago." When he told me where he had made brick I asked if he had lived anywhere else in New Jersey. He said he had lived at Plainfield and worked on a farm, but

had only a slight acquaintance there, just a few neighbors. "What was this farmer's name," I asked. "William Cornell," he replied. What kind of a man was he? A mighty fine man, he replied, and his wife was the best woman he ever knew. "Did they have a family," I asked. Yes, one boy and two girls. What were the children's names? The oldest was a boy, Tom, the girls were Mary and Sarah. About this little boy, Tom, I asked, "did he have all the fingers cut off his right hand?" "Yes," he said, "but what do you know about that?" "Little Tom is my brother, and he is now living at Violet, Nebraska. William Cornell was my father, and Mrs. Cornell my mother, and I was born about three years after Tom lost his fingers." The look of surprise and blank astonishment that came over his face I shall long remember. I had often heard my mother tell of the faithful farm hand, Dutch William, who had carried Tom to the house when he had his fingers cut off, but had never expected to meet him. He said, "Tom's mother put the fingers in a bottle of alcohol and laid them away, but Tom could go right to them, no matter where they were, and persisted in carrying them around all the time. This became so gruesome that his mother gave them to me one day and told me to take them away and bury them. This I did, burying them beneath a large walnut tree at the far side of the farm near the foot of the mountain." He told me of driving the carriage to church the day my father was baptized in the lake back of the Baptist church at Plainfield, where, as a boy, we skated in winter and fished in summer, but this lake has since been filled, and is now part of the beautiful residence portion of the city. He told of my parents holding Sabbath School in the home, for the children of the neighborhood. He asked about Kate Jones, who worked for my mother frequently in the home while he was there. "Kate and I were engaged to be married," he said, "but I left your father's farm to engage in bricklaying and never saw Kate after." I told him she had married a man in New York City, and did very well. Kate was a good girl, he said. I can remember her as such myself, for as a toddling child I would walk away from the house, lay down on the ground and cry for her to come and carry me back. I asked of his family. He said, "I have five boys and we have a large ranch out south of here." Such a meeting is quite unusual and was most interesting, and I thought surely the world is not as large as I had thought it to be.

Altho never having had a desire or an opportunity to travel abroad, I have traversed 40 states of the union, from Ontario, Canada, to Juarez, Old Mexico, by rail, and from the Atlantic seaboard of South Carolina, to Vancouver, British Columbia, and down the West Coast, to Southern California, and back to my home in Nebraska, on rubber.

Many incidents of the Civil War are fresh in my memory. Very distinctly do I recall the day Fort Sumpter was fired on, and the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. But now the time has come when I must slow down, and in harmony with the demands of nature, quell these activities, be patient, and wait a spell.

Pawneean, 88, Recalls Over 60 Years Here

W. W. Cornell Passes 88th Birthday at Home Friday—Active and Alert, He Reminisces on Earlier Times in His Life and Pawnee.

(From The Pawnee Republican, Sept. 30, 1943.)

Walter W. Cornell, well known Pawnee Citian, passed his eighty-eighth birthday at his home here Friday. A family dinner marked the occasion at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. James Inglis, in the evening, there being present with the guest of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Smith and children, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Metzger of Bowmont, Idaho, and Mrs. Lillie Johnson of Violet. The latter three were also dinner guests with Mr. Cornell at his home.

Always one of the most interested of Pawnee Citians in recalling earlier days, Mr. Cornell made his birth anniversary an occasion for reminiscence, and wrote for The Republican the following recollections of his long life and his over 60 yearss in Pawnee City:

My memory goes back to events of the Civil war. I was less than six years old when the news came to our town that Fort Sumpter had been fired on. There was great excitement, and the anxiety of the people convinced me that something very sad and unusual had happened. I remember groups of men were talking about it. Some favored the North, some the South. They said President Lincoln had called for 75,000 men for three months to put down the war. I saw them drill and march away.

We boys played soldier. We had a flag and drum. We marched up and down the street and were very much in earnest. The captain had a stick for a sword, and the boys carried sticks over their shoulders for guns. I had a drum and was the drummer boy, and followed the captain at one side. We were all very proud.

Then reports came that a great batttle was being fought and men were trying to kill each other, the men of the North against the men of the South. They called it the battle of Bull Run. Soon came the news that the union army had been whipped, a great many had been killed and many taken prisoners, and one of our neighbors had been killed.

We were living at Plainfield, N. J. I recall my mother and some neighbor women standing in our yard and talking of the battle and of the neighbor who had been killed. They said he was a poor man and his family would need help. They wrote up a petition and started me out to raise money to buy his little boy a pair of shoes. So I went from house to house asking money for that purpose. When I returned home I had enough to buy a pair of shoes and some left over with which to buy some flour for the family. This was the extent of my activity in the Civil war.

When the news came in of some victorious battle, there was great rejoicing. Church bells were ringing and cannons roaring. At one such occasion a cannon was to be fired off in front of a hotel on Cherry street, and a man named Jennings proposed to sit on the cannon while it was being fired. He did so, and the cannon exploded and he was blown to pieces.

At the close of the war, when Richmond and Petersburg surrendered, we were in New York City, preparing to start west to our new home in Illinois. That night we children were taken to Central park, where a large crowd was gathered to see the fireworks and hear the bands play. Once, when the soldiers had been drilling at a point on our street that had been graded down and quite a bank stood above the street, I ran ahead and got up on this bank that I might get a better view of the soldiers as they passed. When they reached that point they halted, and, turning my way, fired a volley into the bank just below where I stood. I thought that was pretty close to war.

When Lincoln was running for his second term there were great torch-

light processions. One float represented Lincoln splitting rails. Every house on the streets was decorated with flags and pictures, with lights in every window. The campaign slogans were "Honest Abe the Rail Splitter" and "It's no time to swap horses while crossing a stream," and "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree."

The republican party was called the Black Republicans. Some from our town joined the southern army. It was interesting to see the soldiers drill. On one occasion I remember they stood in a circle probably 12 to 15 feet across, then others climbed on their shoulders and also completed the circle. After the battle of Bull Run there was much excitement for fear the Rebels would come in and take Washington, as it was not far from Bull Run. The women became very active in the organization of WACs, but they were then called the Ladies of the United States Sanitary commission. Dorothy Dix, a remarkably capable woman from New England, went to Washington and obtained from President Lincoln an order to provide 100 trained nurses for the army, which number was later increased to 10,000, who nursed wounded soldiers of both armies. Mrs. Hannah Waters, the last of these WACs of the American Civil war, died this year at the age of 101. Thus this organization of mercy and service passed on, but it will live in history.

Few of the veterans of the Civil war remain. Not one of the members of the G. A. R. post that was organized in 1882 with 82 members is now living in this county. John Lehman was the last to pass on. Of these men, all but four I knew personally. The post disbanded in 1928 and surrendered its charter when its number was reduced to 15, all quite feeble.

The first commander of the post was Capt. B. H. Fuller, our efficient sheriff. He was the father of Cloud H. Fuller, who later became sheriff and was killed while performing his duty in attempting to arrest the murderer of three members of the McVitty family living six miles south of town May 29, 1911. He was a close friend of mine and one for whom I had the highest regard.

When I came to Pawnee in 1881 conditions were different from what they are today. There were but four brick buildings in town, the Methodist church, the school house which burned several years ago, the Exchange hotel, and the office building now occupied by Dort & Witte. There were no railroads here then, and all freight, even lumber and coal, was hauled from Table Rock. There was, however, some coal hauled from the Four Mile mines southeast of DuBois.

Frank Goodridge operated a train of four-horse teams between here and Table Rock, and Tommy Ross drove a bus that met trains there each day. We had no automobiles then, but there were three large livery barns stocked with teams and buggies. There were no electric lights, no water or sewer system, no telephones, and not even a hearse, for Wherrys had not come yet, and a spring wagon served that purpose.

There were but two refrigerators in town. I built the first ice house near the old bridge in the southwest part of town and conducted an ice, coal and wood business for 15 years. There were no paved streets in town, nor any graveled highways in the county. It was no unusual thing to see bands of Indians pass through town, the squaws riding the ponies, with long poles on either side, one end dragging on the ground, on which they transported their tepees and other necessary supplies. The Otoe tribe was then living on their reservation on the Blue river where Barnston now is located, the name being taken from Mr. Barnes, who was their agent. At one time I entertained this tribe in their mission school building with a moving picture show and lecture, with not another white person present, the interpreter being an Indian. This was as interesting to me as it was to the Indians. I remained with them three days and two nights. This occasion made an interesting story when I returned to my home in Illinois 65 years ago.